THE WASHINGTON TIMES

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NATIONALIZATION OF THE JEWS.

Israel Zangwill has made another plea for the return of the Jews to Palestine and the resuscitation of Zion. He admits the impossibility of the accomplishment of this object by forcible conquest, and, therefore, advocates the purchase of the Promised Land from the Turk, whose chronically depleted exchequer fills Mr. Zangwill with assurance that the scheme is feasible. Imbued with this confidence, Mr. Zangwill appeals to his fellows in the faith throughout the world to give of their substance in order to raise the necessary funds for the consummation so ardently desired by him.

Let us suppose, for a moment, that the purchase price, whatever it might prove to be, were secured; that the Sultan had agreed to sell, and that the requisite guarantees from the leading governments of Europe for the protection of the embryo nation against undue interference had been given. Is it at all likely that the Jews all over the world, or even a considerable portion of them, would accept the invitation to forsake their present homesteads, sever the ties that bind them to the lands of their birth, sacrifice the innumerable friendships formed in the course of time, and embark upon the struggle involved in calling into life a new nation?

Whence is to spring the tenacious affection for home and country that makes a man pledge "his life and sacred honor" for their protection? A purchased article is held but cheaply at the best; it is what we have battled and toiled for that we cherish most. In the new Zion this incentive would be entirely lacking. The interest felt in it by its tenants would be of a mildly sentimental character. There would be in it nothing to stir patriotism or any of the loftier aspirations that a man entertains for the land of his fathers.

It is estimated that there are in the world, in round numbers, something like ten millions of Jews. They are scattered throughout all countries. With the exception of Russia, they enjoy in all of them the protection of the law, and have an equal chance with all other subjects or citizens in the pursuit of happiness and wealth. They have succeeded so well in the latter particular that in a great measure they control the money markets of the world. In England, France, Germany, they are the confidants and friends of men who wield the destinies of those countries; in the United States they stand shoulder to shoulder with their fellow-citizens of other faiths in every useful and ennobling endeavor. There is no honor to which they may not attain; no station, however exalted, to which they may not aspire. What is there for men thus situated in the invitation to forsake all this and build up a new life for themselves and their posterity in a country from which they have been alienated for nearly two thousand years?

TRIBUTE TO THE VETERANS.

Colonel Bingham's announcement that certain of the city parks will be appropriately decorated for the Grand Army encampment is especially gratifying, for there is a general desire to have the Capital well dressed on the occasion when the surviving veterans mobilize here for their reunion and love feast.

The brave men who came out of the chaos of a great war deserve every tribute that can be paid them. Appreciation of valiant service shown with all the eclat possible will serve to inculcate that spirit of emulation and patriotism which must ever be the motive power of American progress, the inspiration for national right-doing.

To dress the Washington parks in beautiful blossoms and floral designs appropriate to the occasion is in itself a simple matter, but it is the trifling tributes that are oftentimes the most effective. Such a scheme of park embellishment as that proposed is bound to please the men who once did a great deal of hard fighting. It has been customary to pay tribute to the soldier dead with flowers; let us scatter a few bright blossoms for the soldier living.

WHEN TWILIGHT COMES.

By FRANCIS ROBINETTE.

When twilight steals from out the West
And veils the earth in pensive hue,
My heart is filled with vague unrest,
My every thought, dear, turns to you.
Though shadows now our lives divide,
Somewhere, dear heart, the sun doth shine;
Somehow the clouds will drift aside
And some day you'll be mine!

I muse alone. A broken prayer,
Lost in a sigh, breathes from my heart;
May all good angels guard you where
Your sweet life moves from mine—apart!
And as I dream hope hovers near
To bid my lone heart not repine,
And whispers in my hungry ear—
That some day you'll be mine!

CURRENT PRESS COMMENT.

Just a Stitch in Time.

Philadelphia Ledger—We are not afraid of any nation, but we are going to spend $28,000,000 on new warships, to keep our courage up.

Speaking by the Book.

Boston Herald—Senator William A. Clark says there's no more hazardous or uncertain business on earth than that of mining. And he ought to know after having made $60,000,000 at it.

Coghlan's Promotion.

Philadelphia Bulletin—The approval which greets the promotion of "Hoch der Kaiser" Coghlan to a rear admiralship shows that the country is not disposed to worry the least bit over a trifling indiscretion in comparison with a long and honorable term of service.

Competent Testimony.

Chicago Journal—Grover Flint, who testified before the Senate Philippine Committee yesterday, was a newspaper man before he became a soldier, and if he says the water cure is all right, it's all right

An Appropriate Suggestion.

Louisville Courier-Journal — The St. Louis World's Fair managers have agreed on the conditions for the capital prize of $100,000 in the airship race. It might be well for them to agree now upon a prize for a decision as to when the world's fair is to be held.

On the Safe Side.

Atlanta Constitution—Wisdom continues to be vindicated of her children. Uncle Mark Hanna knew too much to put $100,000 of cash temptation in reach of a Cuban court.

A Taste of the Millenium.

Boston Transcript—Spain and Cuba on visiting terms will seem like a link in the universal peace system.

Warned in Time.

Detroit Tribune—Miss Mary Pierson Eddy, an American missionary, is about to undertake a trip into the wildest parts of Syrian territory, despite the warnings of the Turkish government. We hereby notify Miss Mary Pierson Eddy that we have just expended our share of her ransom money for sweet pea seeds, and we do not patronize lectures—even free ones.

Label It.

Boston Globe—It is said that yellow fever in Cuba is spread by the stegomyia fosciata mosquito, and by that means only. How are we to know stegomyia when we see it?

Especially for Little Denmark.

Philadelphia Bulletin—However loudly the politicians of Denmark may quarrel over the cession of the Danish West Indies the chances are that the scheme will go through. Five millions of good American dollars make rather a tempting proposition.

A SERMONETTE

Is the World Growing Better?

By Rev. Dr. JOHN M. SCHICK, Pastor of the President's Church.

Of course, the world is growing better, and has been growing so for many a long year; but, if you want to dispute the statement and argue the case with me, I shall yield the point at once and confess with equal truth that this world is growing worse, and has been growing so for many a weary day, even a little longer, if time counts for anything, than it has been growing better.

But do not charge me with easy change of conviction for admitting that, for you, the world is growing worse. I shall just as stoutly maintain the affirmation I first made and call your attention to the fact that the proposition we discuss is one which may be affirmed or denied with equal truth according to the viewpoint of the observer or his frame of mind when making the observation.

Now, this does not reflect upon the observer nor upon his point of observation; it merely calls attention to the fact that the world in the sense we use it, in the question under consideration, is a living entity, composed of very many separate and distinct individuals, who are all of them influencing, and being influenced by, one another. And when one undertakes to estimate the progress of such a world in any given direction, he will be very much biased by his own ability or desire to see the whole situation.

If the world were one single individual it would be easier to make a comparison of progress, and even then such comparison would be confronted with the fact that where life is opposing developments may and do occur. Many a physician has been embarrassed by his patient growing better and worse at the same time, and the same character attaches to every form of living development.

The world is growing both better and worse, and the determination of the finality in the progression depends upon the power which the good or evil has to overcome the other. To the Christian who sees the hand of God in history, and understands that all the development therein is because of the divine will and power to make all things work together for good, there can be but one answer to the question. God, who guides the path of human destiny and directs the progress of his Kingdom and work, will guide aright the steps of all his creatures, and, whatever else may seem to be true from the narrow point of view a man may occupy, will make their wandering bring them home; and all who have such full confidence in him will know this world is growing better.

Your own world is a much smaller sphere. Is that growing better? I raise the question only to suggest that your view of the world's progress toward the good will depend much upon your own better life. So live with confidence toward God and in devotion to your fellow man that for you the question will answer itself affirmatively, and you will be happier in the conviction that the world is growing better indeed.

A CONCERTED EFFORT TO SAVE THE WILD FLOWERS.

By F. W. KNOWLTON, of the Smithsonian Institution.

It is a common sight to see people returning from the country laden with the wilted remains of flowers and ferns. At best they will retain their freshness for a few hours only.

The shrubs, trees, flowers, and ferns form a definite part of the setting of nature that it is important for scientific, as well as esthetic, reasons to maintain.

For several years it has been apparent to many botanists and nature-lovers that certain of our more showy and interesting native plants are in serious danger of extermination, especially in the vicinity of large cities, watering places, and summer resorts. It is a common sight to see people returning from the country laden with the wilted remains of flowers and ferns. At best they will retain their freshness for a few hours only, and then they are gone, depriving not only those who gathered them, but all who may chance to take the same walk afield.

The shrubs, trees, flowers and ferns form a definite part of the setting of nature that it is important for scientific as well as esthetic reasons to maintain. This indiscriminate plucking of flowers is due in large measure to thoughtlessness, which has resulted from countless generations of license, for with relatively few exceptions plants have been regarded as common propety. It is to check this destructive tendency and to lead the public to see that others have to lead the moral rights, that a movement for plant protection has been inaugurated.

The first public step in this matter was taken in Boston, where a year or two ago, a local society for the protection of native plants was founded. This society has accomplished much good, but the greater impetus of the movement was given in 1901, when the Misses Caroline and Olivia Phelps Stokes, of New York, donated the sum of $2,000 to the New York botanical garden for the purpose of devising means for the protection and preservation of our native plants.

The income of this fund for the current year was disposed in the form of three competitive prizes for essays on this subject, one of which I had the honor to prepare. In my essay I advocated the formation of a national plant protective society that should try to do for our plants what the Audubon Society has so well done for our birds, this society to be known as the Torrey Society, in honor of John Torrey, the celebrated botanist and contemporary of Audubon. My suggestion was met with approval and on April 23 the Torrey Society was founded in New York city.

It is proposed to have chapters, as does the Audubon Society, in various parts of this country, where interest in the subject is manifested. A public meeting of all interested in this matter will be called in this city some time in May for the organization of the Washington chapter.

This society will not—at least if it follows the lines now suggested—be actuated by manifest sentimentality—about the protection of obviously injurious plants and weeds, but it will try to educate the public up to the position where it will be possible for them to enjoy the flowers and plants of field and forest without destroying them.

A PRAYER.

By "MONTGOMERY."

Into this life so dark and sad
I pray thee, Master, tidings send;
Upon this heart so comfortless and drear
Thy pity, Lord, bestow,
That I may know what paths to tread.
My stumbling feet with wisdom guide,
My blinded eyes ope to the light
That I may see thy shining ways.
Come, ere I faint, and cheer me on;
My soul in pain cries out to Thee.
Ah, God, 'tis but a faint poor cry,
But thou shalt hear
And come to me.
Here in my foul prison cell,
Amid the darkness of despair,
Cast out the gloom;
Teach me to know, teach me to care.
Oh, teach me, Lord, to live again.
Reveal the faith and with thy fire
Flash into flame the living truth;
Hope of all hopes, desert me not—
Thou art so fair.
Dying I lie in shadows deep,
Forgot by those I love;
I turn to Thee who gave me life
And ask my peace at last.
Weary and weak and broken now
By years of toil and strife,
I come to enter if I may
Where tired souls may rest.
Is there a place for such as I?
May I still hope
Thou wilt receive?
Amid the clamor of a thousand tongues
Cans't Thou my poor plaint know;
Cans't Thou discern in wisdom's way
That I am Thine?
Lead on to life,
Mark out the way
And let me pass as twilight shades
To morning mists on other shores;
Come as I pray and save me, Lord.
Though I have passed beyond the gates,
Look out afar and see my face,
Forget the evil of my days,
And by thy grace,
Redeem.

THE SUNDAY TIMES SCHOOL FOR POETS AND LOVERS OF BEST VERSE

THE DAFFODILS

By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company.
I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils!

THE POET

FOLLOWING the specimen of Lord Byron's work given in The Sunday Times a week ago, it may be appropriate to present a sample of the poetry of his famous contemporary, William Wordsworth.

At almost every point there is a striking contrast between these two poets. Byron's short career was full of tragedy, wandering, and adventure. Wordsworth's life was quiet and uneventful; almost all his four score years were spent in rural England, and he died in his native county. Byron was an aristocrat; Wordsworth was a man of the people, who never rose more than a degree above poverty. Byron won unbounded admiration, but little respect; Wordsworth lived a blameless life, but his work was criticised and ridiculed, and it was not until his latter years that he won a measure of praise and popularity.

Byron's poetry is full of high-strung passion. "Never had any writer," says Macaulay, "so vast a command of the whole eloquence of scorn, misanthropy and despair." Wordsworth deals with the simplest emotions. He is always calm and sane, a cheerful and meditative philosopher of everyday life.

Byron takes us at speed through the classic beauty spots of Europe; Wordsworth sings of his own hills and valleys. Byron's characters are corsairs, Spanish nobles, Alpine magicians—a whole gallery of gloomy, romantic, picturesque figures; Wordsworth's people are those whom he saw about him in his quiet Cumbrian home.

It is indeed the great merit of Wordsworth that he showed the beauty and significance of small and simple things. To quote his own words, to him "the meanest flower that blows could give thoughts that did often lie too deep for tears." Some of his poems—such as "Lucy Gray" and "We Are Seven"—have found a permanent place in collections of verse for the young because they are unsurpassed as simple renderings of simple thoughts. At other times, it must be admitted, his simplicity descends to bathos, and there are in his completed works not a few pages which he would not have written had he possessed a saving sense of humor.

The facts of Wordsworth's life are, briefly, that he was born at Cockermouth April 7, 1770, and educated at Hawkshead and Cambridge University. After a year in France, he settled in Grasmere, in the English lake district, to devote himself to literary work. His earnings were small, but he was kept above actual want by a fortunate legacy and a modest inheritance. In 1843, when Southey died, he was appointed Poet Laureate, it being understood that the position was to be purely honorary, as, indeed, it has practically been ever since that time. He died in 1850, on the day of Shakespeare's birth and death—April 23.

THE POEM

THE meter of "The Daffodils" is an arrangement of the ordinary rhymed tetrameter, or eight-syllable line. The poem consists of four six-lined stanzas, each stanza being formed of a quatrain, rhyming alternately, and a final couplet. It is a simple meter, suitable for short lyric or descriptive poems, and this specimen of it presents no peculiarities.

Speculations on the Future Life.

Apropos of the death of a humorist, a New York paper remarked once upon a time, editorially, that the deceased writer had gone "to the land of no laughter." This is a most peculiar statement to make, when one looks at it closely. It is hardly supposable that the author of this piece of news meant to insinuate that the unfortunate man had gone anywhere but to heaven, and on the other hypothesis, why did he assert so confidently that there is no laughter in heaven?

Three generations ago an obituary comment such as this would have aroused no remark whatever, and the chances are that it would have been meant to imply that the man's soul had not been saved. It is difficult to see why so large a section of the Church should have drawn such solemn pictures of a future life, but it did. In spite of the fact that there was really nothing whatever as a basis for dogmatism on that point, they confidently drew pictures of heaven as a place of intense solemnity.

There is much less temerity in speculating on these questions nowadays, and the men who try to measure heaven with a foot-rule are few and far between. But when one comes to think of it, there is as little reason to suppose that heaven is a place without laughter as could possibly be found for any statement about it. Most humorists have been men kindly, gentle, just in their dealings and honest in their ways, and most of them have professed some form of the Christian faith. To suppose that the entire nature of a man of this type is changed by death, and that the innocent delight which he gave to others in this life will be forbidden in another world seems to be a theory unwarranted by either logic or revelation.

Local Color.

It is a curious fact that of all the novels dealing with what is technically known as local color which have been written in recent years, there is scarcely one which has met with the approval of the people about whom it was written. The East Side of New York haughtily declines to recognize itself in the sketches which have been written about it; the South does not always give unqualified approval to those who portray its institutions, and the same holds of other sections of the country. What is the reason of this? Is the trouble with the author, or his subject, or both?

Possibly all three things have something to do with the situation. In at least five cases out of ten the author of stories about picturesquely illiterate people has never been one of them himself. Hence he cannot see them as they see each other, and many traits which they know to belong to them are undetected by him in his search for the picturesque.

Then it is certainly true that few people have the habit of looking at themselves objectively, which is very well, since such self-inspection is generally more or less of a waste of time. They are unable to see themselves as they appear to other people. The miser considers himself to be merely a thrifty man; the spendthrift does not see anything wrong in prodigality, and the hard, practical farmer who looks only at the number of dollars which can be made in any calling is apt to miss the point of a story written by one who takes a different view of things.

Whether we shall ever have a novel dealing with a picturesque locality which will be more popular in that locality than anywhere else is an interesting matter for speculation.

LIFE.

Reflections on the Still Unanswerable, Inexplicable Quality of Being.

By ELIZABETH ELLICOTT POE.

What is life? Life is the unanswerable, unexplainable infinite. Does this seem paradoxical? Does the fact of earthly life being finite alter the infinity of life? No; life is never finite. It is only the creatures of life, whose days are finite. Life is the greatest possession of the world. The world before the advent of life was chaos, confusion; therefore life is order, beauty, and harmony.

In that mineral world, so many thousand years ago, before the advent of life, the dazzling hills shone in rare beauty. It was a thing beautiful and fair; but without soul or purpose, a living nonentity.

One day the dew or sudden shower left a little puddle in a cleft of the jeweled rock. In that puddle was a strange something, the germ of an organic life. With the advent of this first animal life, a vast step was taken in biological progress.

This was the first curve in the spiral of evolution. Not the evolution that would condemn us quickly to a finite height; but an evolution, guiding and leading, cheering and calling to infinite heights of attainment.

Yet we fail to receive the answer to "What is life?" We do not recognize the true principle of life. Life is a gift. That is the answer. Life is the something in everything existing that lifts it from the domain of the dust: from the domain of nonentity.

What causes life? For centuries, yea, from the beginning of intellect in man, theories have been offered as to the cause. These theories revolve around two central ones—spontaneous generation and biogenesis. What life, and its opposite, death, is has always puzzled the mind of man. To the majority, death is the greater mystery. Yet it is against all reason that it should be so. Death is the natural result of completed work.

But the mystery of life has only been solved by one statement. Life is a wonder. The filling of material substances with an animation capable, in some cases, of a century's endurance, is the ever present miracle that the most material and skeptical age will not scoff at.

Life is but the law of entrance from kingdom to kingdom in the natural world. Life in a new kingdom can only be secured by the helping hand of a member of that kingdom. Life comes out from life. The divine breath and spark is the entrance to earthly life for every man. No theory or discovery can alter this fact. It is one of the unchangeable laws of the universe. A law we must acknowledge as true and just. A law that should aid us in our intercourse with man.

Life, then, is a gift. Life is the motive power, the something that through all the ages carries on, in many windings, perhaps, but with unerring certainty, the souls of men to "that one, far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves."

Publishers' Readers.

It has recently been discovered, through an interview with the publishers, that publishers' readers are a most reticent and mysterious lot of people. They do not advertise their business. They sometimes advertise themselves as being engaged in some other business. It is said that one reader of fiction for a Boston house pretends that he is a wool salesman.

There are two or three reasons for this, but the biggest is that the enmity of authors whose manuscripts are rejected might make it uncomfortable for the men who do the rejecting. In one case, we are told, in spite of all precautions, a poet did suspect who was responsible for the return of his volume of poems, and meeting the unfortunate reader at a reception, literally made it warm for him by tipping a cup of hot chocolate down the back of his neck. Another reader had a front tooth knocked out by the infuriated author of a rejected novel.

This is not an extract from a comic paper. It is given to the public as sober fact. And, really, it is not so surprising when one considers the amount of vanity and egotism there is in the world, and the lengths to which some people will go to gratify a desire for vengeance.

But that is not all of it. The reader himself does not care to have the reputation of the man who rejected such and such a popular novel, and most novels which are popular have been through that mill. "David Harum" was rejected forty-two times, and "Eben Holden" thirty-seven. Naturally, the average person might say that the reader was not fit for his business. But, after all, the great public which makes or breaks the novel probably would not, in 99 per cent of the cases, read a book which had not already won some vogue somewhere.

Light and Wind.

Where, through the leaves of myriad forest trees,
The daylight falls, berryl and chrysoprase,
The glamour and the glimmer of its rays
Seem visible music, tangible melodies:
Light that is music; music that one sees—
Wagnerian music—where forever sways
The spirit of romance, and gods and fays
Take form, clad on with dreams and mysteries.
And now the wind's transmuting necromance
Touches the light and makes it fall and rise,
Vocal, a harp of multitudinous waves,
That speaks as ocean speaks,—an utterance
Of far-off whispers, mermaid-murmuring sighs—
Pelagian, vast, deep down in coral caves.
—Madison Cawein in the Atlantic.